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THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

RETELLE.

"Alas! the breast that doth not thirst
Hath naught to fear from entered blow;
Who dies with all his crowns of blue
Carries little with what shows."

SCOTT.

Meanwhile how passed the time with her who, stricken at her mortification calculation of honor and happiness, had fallen so suddenly and so low?

We left her seated in the carriage with Mrs. Oldfield and Trevor, on the road to Bloomingdale parsonage. Closely enveloped in the bridal veil which she had had as yet no opportunity of changing, she sat back in a corner of the carriage.

She was too absorbed in her despair to notice the beautiful morning through which their road passed, winding among wooded hills, down through fragrant dry dales, or between high hedges, thickly matted and overgrown with the fragrant wild rose, the mayblom, and the sweet honeysuckle, and shutting in some richly-cultivated field or garden; or to listen to the music of the thousand choristers of nature, now singing in concert their vesper hymns.

The sun went down amid a gorgeous blazonry of crimson, purple and gold; darkness crept over the heavens and the earth, and the signs came out, first one by one, and then in scores, and then in hundreds, until myriads of angel eyes seemed to look down from the firmament, and presently from the full moon arose and flooded all this beautiful scene with silvery splendor; and still Retelle, buried in the depths of despair, remained unconscious of all time, or of the change of flights.

Neither of her companions addressed her, thinking it was better that, after so much excitement, she should be left to her own reflections, if haply she might gain repose. Neither did they, in their respect for her grief, speak the one to the other; the ride passed in almost total silence.

It was late, and the moon rode high in the heavens, when the carriage turned into the narrow, shaded and declining road leading down to Bloomingdale.

The place, as its name indicated, was a small, deep, retired dell, settled down among crowded hills, in the midst of which nestled and basked the little antique gothic church and the cottage parsonage; the cottage garden being divided from the church-yard only by a hedge, and the whole surrounded by a dense wall; and church, cottage, wall and hedge, so completely overgrown with moss, ivy, and creeping vines, and so densely crowded with shrubs and trees as to be hidden in a quietude carpet by the spire rising from the clump of elms, and indicating the character of this sacred solitude.

"We are at home, dearest child," said Mr. Oldfield, as the carriage stopped.

The footman sprang off from behind, opened the door and let down the steps.

Mr. Trevor alighted, followed by Mr. Oldfield, who handed out the portmanteau. They came before a low garden gate, surrounded by an arch all overgrown with honeysuckles, whose sweet breathing kissed their heads in passing through. They entered by the semi-circular wall, under a lattice work, covered with grape vines, and leading around to the back portion of the cottage, which was covered closely, as was the whole house, with a matted growth of running rose, clematis, jessamine, flowering ivy, and evergreen clusters of the tilbi and fragrant climbing vine.

Within this green and blooming bower a light, in a shaded alabaster lamp, shone purely as a moon over the darkly-polished oaken door.

The latter drew the eye of the charge protectingly within his own, and led her into this portion, and stopped.

His summons was answered by a neatly-dressed, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed country girl, who opened the door, and smiled and curtseyed on seeing her master; but immediately started and stared with open-mouthed wonder at the white-veiled and shrinking rear him.

"Come, Sarah, my good girl, let us in! What are you thinking of? Your mistress is——"

"Yes, sir, in the parlor!" exclaimed Sarah, recovering her self-command, and springing aside.

"Come on there."

"Yes, sir," said Sarah, opening a door on the left side of the hall, and revealing one of the coziest of English rooms.

It was a medium-sized parlor of faultless neatness and cleanliness, comfortably carpeted and curtained; warmed by a glowing fire of sea coal, in a polished steel grate, that the chilly spring evening rendered acceptable; each side the fire-place were deep recesses, from ceiling to floor, filled on the left by a full column of books in old furniture, and on the right by a high cabinet of shells, minerals, ores, coins, medallions, storied old china, and other objects of virtu. Soft, deep sofas, easy chairs, and foot-cushions, of various styles, to suit every need, and indeed all made for every reasonable purpose, were conveniently arranged around.

But perhaps the most attractive article of furniture was the neat tea table that stood in the midst of the room, before the glowing grate, covered with a milk-white, staple damask tablecloth that reached the floor, and laden with the glistening service of silver-plate and white china.

In an arm chair a little to the left of the table, sat a stately old lady of perhaps sixty-five years of age, looking not unlike the dignified housekeeper at Hyde Hall. She was arrayed in a stiff black silk gown, with a surplice bosom, open to reveal a glimpse of the snow white muslin handkerchief crossed over her bosom beneath; a white muslin cap, with a very high and stiffly starched crown, surrounded her silvery gray hair and severe physiognomy, and added height if not dignity to her appearance. On the other side, between her chair and the corner of the fire-place, was a stool on which stood a lamp and a volume of what might have been religious works, but closed and laid aside, with her spectacles between the leaves to keep the place.

Had Retelle been in a condition to notice anything, this might have been regarded by the severe aspect of this lady, who the reader has already guessed to be Mrs. Oldfield, the Rector's wife.

Mrs. Oldfield belonged to the old school of English women of the middle classes. A rigid polite, a severe disciplinarian, a model wife, mother and house-keeper; she had reared, in high respectability, a large family, had seen her sons established in professions, had married off her daughters to eligible and respectable men—in a word, had completed her life's work without a flaw or blemish, and now at the age of sixty-five had set down in perfect satisfaction and very little activity for those who had been less faultless, or less fortunate.

As she saw the gentle visitor, she arose, somewhat stiffly, between formality, age and rheumatism, and stood ready to receive her guests; but soon started nearer sightly as her Sarah Copley's pretty, rosy face, and the veiled bridal figure that hung upon her husband's arm; her first idea was, that their old bachelor friend, Mr. Trevor, had received upon taking to himself a wife, and brought his lady down to be married; she frowned formidably in advance at this supposition unexplained.

Mr. Oldfield sighed deeply as he noticed the rigor of her first regards of one to whom he had dared to promise an hour's entertainment; but he was silently prayed that when she should know all, the cold and forbidding manner might soon fall away on the guilty, not on the innocent unfortunate. But her surface aspect, while as yet she knew nothing to the disadvantage of the guest, but that she seemed to be placed in an embarrassing position, filled him with foreboding as to her future treatment of his charge; while he thanked heaven for the mental abstraction from several objects that she shielded the already wounded heart of poor Retelle from the severer of unkindness in her eyes.

All these thoughts in other circumstances would in less time than it has taken to tell.

"This is Lady Montrevor, Mrs. Oldfield," said the Rector, presenting his protege.

"Lady—Mrs.—trevor!" slowly repeated the hostess, gazing searchingly into the pale, worn, most dangerous, yet perfectly beautiful face, that with its dove-and-rose eyes, was now unveiled and set before her.

She knew that Mr. Oldfield had gone to Hyde that morning to assist at the marriage of Lord Montrevor and Miss Morelle, whom by the way she had not seen for years, and could not now recognize in the severe-stunned woman before her; but why should Lady Montrevor, who was married this morning, be here alone in bridal array, to-night?

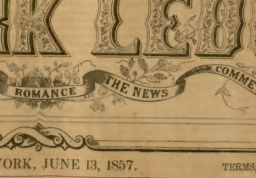
"Oh! I beg your ladyship's pardon," said she at length, recovering her presence of mind, though by no means her astonishment, and offering her own comfortable chair to her visitor—" Pray be seated, Lady Montrevor."

Retelle mechanically sank into the proffered seat.

Mr. Trevor greeted his hostess, who welcomed him kindly, and invited him to sit down.

The Rector threw himself into his own favorite leathern chair, rubbed his hands with an assumption of cheerful ease, and said—

"Now tea I see my dear! as quickly as it can be served. The lady greatly needs refreshment, for I think she has not broken her fast since morning."



RETELLE'S RECEPTION BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

"But, perhaps Lady Montrevor would prefer first to retire to her room and change her dress," suggested the old lady, turning towards her guest and gazing with the deference of astonishment upon her strange attire, wondering whether she had brought any baggage, and in fact wondering all around the compass of which she formed the centre.

But Retelle did not reply to her suggestion, most likely did not understand, or even hear it.

And Mr. Oldfield hastened to answer.

"No, my dear, I think not; her ladyship's trunks have not yet arrived, and I think she will not feel disposed to change until she retires for the night, which should be soon, as she is really ill from fatigue. Therefore, tea! tea! my good wife, as soon as possible."

Then rising, and crossing over to Retelle, he said,

"You would like to retire soon my child, would you not?"

Oh! yes—yes," she murmured in a voice nearly extinct with grief and weakness.

"But—where is he darling?" very naturally enquired the excellent old gentleman.

"Lord Montrevor—he—absent—not here at the present time," replied the Rector, pointedly; but seeing that this very direct answer failed to enlighten and satisfy his lady, he added, "I come, sweetheart dear! there is no misunderstanding between Lord and Lady Montrevor; they are on excellent terms. Well, of course, there is something to be explained, which you shall hear in time! meanwhile, my dear, tea, tea!"

It was some comfort to be told that there was no quarrel real and not to be left to explain for herself under the influence of a wired dream; and so the emotions were somewhat more at ease upon the subject of this strange bridal reception evening and ordered tea, which was immediately served.

"Suffer me to relieve you, my child," said the hostess, approaching her visitor's chair, and with the lady's usual and unfastening and removing the veil that would cross her brow. "There, let me draw your easy chair to the table. Do you feel now, dear child? be inquired, uneasy at beholding her so pale and motionless.

"Oh! yes, yes, I hear, understand, and thank you, I feel also for all. I know—I remember that but for you, I should have passed this night—that was to have been my wedding night—in prison," she murmured in a very hoarse voice.

"*In prison!*" Mrs. Oldfield had heard these fearful words, and involuntarily echoed them!

"Do not mind her, my dear Madam—she—I mean, don't mind her," whispered Mr. Trevor, to his hostess, whose astonishment had returned with a vengeance.

Retelle had she been less absorbed in her profound sorrow, might have noticed the shocked and astonished expression of the old lady's countenance; but as it was the severe regards of Mrs. Oldfield had immediately upon her whom despair had rendered invulnerable.

"Come, my child, you must really force yourself to take something. Endeavor now to swallow a rusk or two and toast, for the sake of one in whose why should Lady Montrevor, who was married this morning, be here alone in bridal array, to-night?"

"Oh! I beg your ladyship's pardon," said she at length, recovering her presence of mind, though by no means her astonishment, and offering her own comfortable chair to her visitor—" Pray be seated, Lady Montrevor."

Silently and mechanically Retelle arose and bowed with the grace of a queen to the circle, followed by attendant from the parlor.

Then they and disappeared Mr. Oldfield told the story of Lady Montrevor's arrest at the altar, and the high-strung developments relating to her school history. But no logic or eloquence in the narrator, no palliating or explaining of the sincere stances could serve to some in Mrs. Oldfield's estimation the moral turpitude of her whom this rigorous judge presided in regarding as a sinner of the deepest dye. And the anxious and distressed Rector had the utmost difficulty in obtaining a promise that the unhappy lady while she remained their guest, should be attended and served with the consideration due to her rank. But this promise once given, however reluctantly, he knew would be faithfully performed.

Lady Montrevor reached her chamber, which was the front room immediately over the parlor, and which she found neatly and plainly arranged, with a polished wax floor, staple furniture, and white dimity curtains, and bureau and chairs of the same, and warmed by a bright little fire in the grate. The cheerful maid had cut a delicate rose and green from her mistress' wardrobe, and stood waiting Lady Montrevor's orders. Retelle gently declined her further attendance and dismissed her.

For the first time since her appalling calamity, Retelle found herself alone.

Then and then an arm chair, dropped her throbbing and burning forehead upon her hands and let the tears flow unrestrained and without control. For now that she was alone, the fearful events of the day came thronging around the wired and horrible conjurations of fever or nightmare. It was as difficult as it was terrible to realize her position.

The first stunning shock of the storm had passed. The thunderbolt had fallen, and the charred and blackened ruins of her happiness lay all around her. The whirlwind had crossed her path and left it strewing away her dearest treasures. The waters of affection had rolled over her and left her to her most precious earthly hopes. Yet the first shock of the storm had passed; her desolateness was within and around her, and the clouds still lowered, heavy, and threatening, over her devoted head.

She rapidly reviewed the chain of circumstances which, within the short space of age she had been engaged by an intriguing governess and an unprincipled foreigner, into a secret marriage, soon bitterly regretted by herself, and disrupted by the same means, and now pronounced to have been from the beginning, illegal. After the first hour of separation, and two of supposed widowhood, she had the morning received a second marriage ceremony, which was to be legal and binding in all its tents and purposes. Arrested on leaving the church, upon a grave and degrading charge, she had been discarded by her parents, who would probably leave England forever, to conceal their humiliation under foreign skies; but was protected, though most delicately, from a distance, through the agency of Lord Montrevor, a man of stainless honor, who would be the last on earth to sanction moral principle to human affection, and who had in view of the late and the untimely, declared his determination to stand by the legality of their late marriage, had given her the protection of his name and title; and amend of all claims that they should address her only by that; finally, she was bound over to appear at the approaching assizes to answer the charge of a traitor and criminal arrest!

Such was the past and present!

What lay before her in the future?

Her trial.

It is true that her counsel and her few devoted friends, flattered themselves and her with the promise of certain deliverance. But even her limited experience taught her that very little dependence could be placed upon the pre-judgment of partizans, who always ends it a point to sustain the degree of the accused, by positive positives of acquittal, which were not always confirmed by the verdict of the jury. The law was perversitally uncertain. It was very possible she might be convicted.

And then—

A vision of the convict cells, the transport ship, the penal settlement, swam darkly before her mind's eyes, turning her soul sick with horror. It was but for a moment, and then, strange to say, she regarded this possible result as the condemned might regard the rack, the wheel, or the stake—a frightful fortune certainly, but one that many men calling in death. And merely saying—

"I should soon sink under it, and that would be well!"—she dismissed the vision, and turned to look upon the future—upon the happier—possibilities.

She might be acquitted, as was confidently promised by her friends, upon the ground of the illegality of the childish marriages into which she had been coerced.

Such were the uncertain prospects of the future.

What now became her duty?

For, with whatever the adjustication of her legal position rested, that of her moral one remained, under these or under other circumstances, with herself alone.

What then was her duty?

It might be multiplied in circumstances.

In the event of a conviction, her fate would be taken out of her own hands, leaving her nothing to do, but simply to submit and to die; and her death should terminate her sufferings.

But on the other hand, with the issue of acquittal would come a mighty moral problem, involving a terrible responsibility. Then how Lord Montrevor would immediately claim her as his wife; but how could she, conscientiously in his guardian, bear his large love?

For a moment, a vision of this sweet rest beamed in upon her dark and troubled soul like the holy light of heaven.

But she shook herself up to the happiness prepared for her?

Then for a pause—a long pause, and silence in her soul. Her conscience gave no affirmative.

Then came the question, Was it right in the road of life from which two paths diverged.

The one splendid with sunshine, beautiful with verdure, brilliant with flowers, and vocal with their trends, musical with bird songs, and more than all, blessed with the presence of her noble beloved, who stood with outstretched arms, waiting for a sister. But, was that right?

The other, dark with cloud and storm, barren, and solitary, desolate, no helping hand there held out to her, no encouraging voice inviting her, but which trend to, if tread, it she must, alone, with fearful eyes, and timid, trembling, feet and staggering steps; yet not unblessed, if Duty were there.

What could she do? Ah! she fell humbly prayed itself upon her conscience for solution. She would only try to shake it off, to say—"Time enough when the trial is over—for the fell termination—to be prepared for the result of that trial.

But her conscience would not be to subtly passed without much prayer.

Retelle knelt upon her knees, and prayed long and earnestly for light to see her duty, and for strength to follow it. She ever sought the source of light and strength, and never in vain, and never failed.

The night spent in prayer brought a morning full of peace and courage. She had decided what was right, and was ready to do it, and was satisfied.

It was eight o'clock before her bell summoned Sarah Copley, who entered at once, smilingly, and said—

"If you please, my lady, your trunks have come from Hyde, and will you please to have them brought up here?"

"Please, my lady, I don't know; but when my master sent back the Bishop's carriage, he sent a note to Sir Parke Morelle, I know, because I handed it to the footman myself, and he said, he was, please your ladyship, the trunks came about half an hour after your ladyship's own maid came with them."

"Lord Sam Copewood?"

"Yes, your ladyship, shall I send her up? or would your ladyship accept my services?"

"Thank you, my good girl; no, send up Sarah Copewood."

"Yes, madam," said the obliged, disappearing.

In a few minutes after, Sarah Copewood appeared, and immediately upon the sight of her beloved and unhappy mistress, sank down at her feet, entwined her knees, and burst into tears.

Lady Montrevor laid her hand upon the girl's head in silent benediction. There was no utility in words as yet, and none were spoken. When, however, Susan had wept herself into calmness and had arisen from her feet, and stood waiting, Lady Montrevor inquired—

"How are my father and mother, Susan?"

"Hm! dear lady, I always tell you the truth if

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

I speak at all. But now please excuse me from speaking," said the gallant lady.

"Ah! God, is it so?—have I nearly killed or maimed my parents?" exclaimed Lady Montrave, rear, growing doubly pale and faint, and sinking into the nearest seat.

"Oh, then, then I must speak! No, dear madam, Sir Paulo and my lady are not dead, but are they any madder than they always were—saving your presence; but, since I must tell the truth lest worse be brought, they are both very much so."

"It was to be expected! But what put it in your head, blind girl, to come to me?"

"Why, no one put it there—it came there naturally, my lady! What else could I do but come to you the first opportunity? Last night, between eleven o'clock, John Brownlow, the Bishop of Exeter's footman, brought a note from Mr. Oldfield to mistress. I was I handed to master's own man to be carried up. Well! soon the bell was rung for me, and I was ordered to pack up all your ladyship's wardrobe, and have it ready to dispatch at five o'clock this morning. So I went to work and did it. Just before I strapped down the last trunk, master came in, and says he, 'Have you strapped down all the trunks?' 'All but this, Sir,' says I. 'Lift up the lid, says he. I did so, and he put a letter in."

"A letter! Susan, my girl, where is it?" exclaimed Lady Montrave, eagerly.

"In the half-colored trunk, my lady, which they are going to bring up presently."

"Go on!"

"Well, as I was saying, dear lady, after I had packed everything up, and locked around to see if anything had been forgotten, I sat down to wait for the word that might have been left behind, if I hadn't remembered, as I got ready with the rest of your ladyship's clothes, to put on my bonnet. About o'clock in the morning I delivered myself along with the trunks. And what do you think I did next, dearest. "I won't tell you how to suppose, but only suggest," says he. "Very well, says I, I'm a part of her ladyship's baggage—just send a hand and box me up. So after a little more altercation, the matter fell out as I said, and here I am, your ladyship."

"Thank you, Susan; you—"

She was here interrupted by a rap at the door.

It was a couple of plough boys, who had brought up the trunks. As soon as they were dismissed and the boys had retired, Lady Montrave hastened to take the key from Susan, and unlock the trunk. She undressed no containing the letter. There it lay upon the top of all the contents, and addressed to her originally. Oh! might it bear one word of peace and pardon to her sorrow-stricken heart! She tore it open. It was an envelope, containing a check for a thousand pounds drawn in her favor, upon the bank of London. No more, no less, and no letter. With a deep sigh, Estelle laid it aside, and sank into her chair.

The maid, with a tact and delicacy above her condition in life, selected from among the many articles of dress in the trunks, a morning robe, and a pale gray silk—the plainest there, and laid it out for her lady's use; and then, seeing that she had passed her toilet, so that Lady Montrave was ready to go below to meet the family at their usual breakfast hour.

As she descended, the hall door was open, and she looked out.

How beautiful, on this bright May morning, was the panorama laid out before her eyes! The wealth of flowers, shrubs, and trees, with the old church and steeple within the middle. Upon every side, for many day, this sweet rural landscape would have filled the heart of Estelle with delight; now, however, she only saw that it was lovely, and passed on to the door on the right, leading into the parlor.

The family were already assembled there. As she opened the door, Mr. Oldfield arose and came to meet her, and with a kind—

"Good morning, my child! I hope you have rested well," led her to the table.

Mr. Oldfield greeted her with stately courtesy.

And Mr. Trevor, with a smile and bow, placed a chair for her.

Breakfast, that seemed only to await her arrival, was immediately served. During the meal Mr. Oldfield never, except in strict necessity, addressed her his guest; and when she spoke it was with the most scrupulous politeness. She was determined to complain of, yet Lady Montrave felt depressed and chilled by the apparent coldness of her host and the submissive spirit of expiation.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. Trevor, whose change lay in the neighborhood of Montrave Castle, in the adjoining county of Dorset, took leave, saying, as he held the hand of Lady Montrave—

"Though I depart from your presence, I remain in your county, my child. When I can render you any assistance, command me; I am ever at your service."

"I earnestly thank you, sir," replied Estelle.

Mr. Trevor was gone.

Mr. Oldfield went out to make parish calls.

And Lady Montrave was left alone with her footmen, though perhaps not with her thoughts.

Soon, therefore, Estelle retired to her chamber.

Her faithful maid had set the room in order, and was now engaged in unpacking and hanging up her dresses in the wardrobe closets that flanked the fire-place. They formed a part of that rich, tasteful, and costly trousseau that had been provided for the bridal party of Montrave castle.

by they were at most: yet as memorials of the past, they were very precious to the young lady, by the yearning gulf that divided it from today, so far apart, so long ago! It was painful to see them there, and—for Susan, unprovided with clothes, she hurried them out of sight.

Estelle opened her pocket Bible among the rest, Susan?"

"Yes, my lady, here it is," and the faithful girl handed it to her mistress.

Lady Montrave received the blessed volume with reverence, and closing the door on Susan, she opened its pages to seek for light and strength and counsel.

"Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after have no more that they can do," were the words that first met her eye, and she felt that they were for her. Fear like this which she had known, which built power to rest into her; yes, I say unto you, fear him—"

These

UP, BROTHERS, UP!

BY E. S. STUART.

Up, brothers, up! the light begins
Along the eastern sky,
To promise that the night is past,
And better days are nigh;
A thrice-wise ringe who rise the hills,
The valleys catch the sound—
And Freedom's the strain of the morning song
That fills the earth around!

It proves that to the living glean,
In strength the greatest feet,
And old supremacy bows in dust
With shame and terror meet;
All men sit up their heart and hands,
Their brothers and sisters love,
And feel that all the wondrous chains
No more we'll bend the knee!

From country farms, from factories, too,
From ploughs that break the sod,
From lathes, from anvils, from smoking ashes,
From cities that shame the sin,
Come the heart, and sinew, and brain
To battle for the right.

The tyrant's day, at last, is ended,
And gone, forever gone!

Up, brothers, up! and share the light;
Despite the fear has risen
To meet the tyrant in the breast stricken,
And purpose covered bronze!
Rejoice! and give your hearts to God,
And thank Him for the victory!
To keep the heart and pure it on
To all of human kind!

Rejoice! that you have broke at length
The bonds of slavery!
Now, brother, sign on common ground
Can meet with equal eye,
Rejoice! and swear ye will not bend,
Nor give the pressure to the knee,
Though gleaming steel dispose the way,
And flame is on your track.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Did you sell him that case of goods, Edward?" said Mr. Craig, speaking to a young man who had just parted with a customer at his desk, and was walking back along one of the aisles of boxes with his sales book in hand.

"No, sir," replied the clerk. He did not speak cheerfully. His failure to make a sale to the customer had a little dashed his spirits.

"Why not?"

"I couldn't recommend the colors as fast," said the young man.

"Indeed!" There was something of surprise and something of impatience in the merchant's voice.

"That was the simple difficulty, uncle James," replied the clerk, in a firm voice, and with a steady look. "I could have sold the goods cheaply in a hurry to the colors, he would have taken the case."

"How did you know that he was so desirous?" inquired Mr. Craig. He did not seem at all angry with the young man.

"I saw a letter from one of our Western customers, who bought a case of the same goods."

Mr. Craig stood musing for some moments.

"I must have a little earnest talk with you 'Ed ward," he said audibly, but kindly. And he motioned with the young man, his nephew, into his private counting room.

Mr. James Craig was a merchant in New York, and Edward Forsyth, who was in his twentieth year, was one of his younger clerks in a wholesale. On a visit to his sister, who lived fifty miles from New York, Mr. Craig met his nephew for the first time in four years, and was particularly pleased with him. Edward was clerk in a country store, where he had been for over a year. Mr. Craig observed him closely, and saw that he was bright and active, and had a good business talent.

I think I shall have to take Edward to New York with me and to his office, some morning," said Mr. Craig to his sister.

But Mrs. Forsyth shook her head.

"I'm afraid for the city, James," was her seriously spoken answer.

"The city is just as safe as the country," replied Mr. Craig, "and Edward will have better and wider associations. Virtue is not alone confined to the Woods and field flowers growing there. That is one of the popular errors cherished by country people—a kind of rural superstition. We have as good associations, and quite as untainted an atmosphere in New York, as you have in Olney. Edward is pure and right-minded. I have already discovered that. Let him go say where, and he will seek companions who are congenial. Like draws to like, you know. You may set your heart to rest on that subject. If he were evilly inclined, he could be sold out the virtues here—they are to be found everywhere. The danger is not on the outside. The heart is deceitful above all."

"What would you do with Edward in New York?" asked the mother.

"Take him into my own store, and into my own family. He will make a splendid business man. All he wants is opportunity. I have observed him closely among his country customers, and am satisfied that all he wants is a better training, and a little experience, to make him equal to the best salesman I have in my employ. His knowledge of goods is not to be surpassed."

Mr. Craig was rich, his elder poor, and Edward active and ambitious. So, all things favored this removal of the young man from Olney to New York. The elder could hold place for a time, and after his uncle's return to the city.

A very excellent family in the wholly merchant kept upon his nephew, in whom he saw qualities, which, if rightly trained, were destined to make him, before the lapse of a great many years, a man of note in the mercantile world.

The incident, mentioned at the beginning of our story, occurred about two months after Edward's removal to the city.

"I must have a little earnest talk with you," said Mr. Craig, and they left the store for merchant's private office.

"You should have told that case of goods, Edward," said Mr. Craig, as he handed a chair to the young man, and took another in front of him. "There was not the slightest excuse for your declining at the loss of the sale to the uncle's route. But, like another case I could name, and he nodded to put Edward entirely at his ease.

"I have already stated the difficulty in the way," was replied. "I could not recommend the colors."

"You were not required to know any thing about the colors," said Mr. Craig, with a smile, and in a tone that were meant to produce the impression that his nephew was rather an unsophisticated young man. "Your business was to sell the goods."

"I could not say that the colors were fast, when I knew that they were not," Edward spoke firmly, while the flush grew warmer in his face.

"Of course you could not; for that would have been a falsehood, and no merchant ever gains anything in the end by direct lying, or bold false pretenses. The best reputation a house can have, is a reputation for upright dealing. But, there is such a thing as being too upright, forward; and this is just the matter I wish to impress upon your mind. That case of goods, you see, cost us within a fraction of the colors goods in the same quality. Having bought, we must sell it, and let it work out its own salvation. Now, if I had known positively with the customer who was in your hands, and he had expressed me in regard to the colors in that case of goods, I would have answered, as I pointed to the manufacturer's mark—

"'The—— mills have the highest reputation in the country for stability of color.' And that would have been nothing but the truth. He would have bought. What then? Our house would have sustained no injury. Only the reputation of the——mills would, as a matter of responsibility resting just where it belonged."

The eyes of the young man fell to the floor, and he sat in deep thought for some time while the gaze of his uncle was fixed intently upon him.

"You apprehend the difference," said Mr. Craig, breaking in upon his nephew's train of abstraction.

"I think I do," replied Edward.

"Nothing is clearer," said Mr. Craig, speaking in a very decided way. "Nothing is clearer. Our true salesman keeps always in view the best points in an article of merchandise, and, if there be any defects—and nothing is perfect in this world—he leaves them out of sight. Don't you see, that if the customer's thought were turned to defects in the class, excellence, he would be deterred from buying."

The mind of Edward was not satisfied. He did not see as clearly as his uncle desired, and was not something about justice between man and man.

"Let us draw this matter in another form," said Mr. Craig. "The salesman's duty to his employer is to sell his goods, and he is under obligation, to do so to the best of his ability. Now, it may happen that the goods of a neighboring merchant are either cheaper, or of superior quality. What then? Shall the salesman, in his regard for parties between man and man, so you say, disregard the fact to his customer, and thus lose the sale he might otherwise have made? How would you act in such a case? Let me press the question home. Suppose you knew that our neighbor Allison had bought a few cases of French silks at fifteen twenty per cent. below what we had paid for the same goods, and that, in consequence of the low price of a case, the question were put to you, whether we were selling as low as Allison, what would be had in the market. What answer would you make?"

The young man sat thoughtful for some moments. The peculiarly kind and honorable character of his uncle, and the ingenious way in which his propositions were stated, confused and perplexed his perception, and he felt some light touches of shame at having shown himself a little old-fashioned in his notions of trade and honor.

"I certainly should not tell him that he could buy cheaper next door," replied Edward, smiling, yet reddening as he spoke.

"No! I should think you look for such excessive verdancy in my clear-headed nephew," said Mr. Craig. "But, let me know how you would answer, or evade his direct question."

"It would be easy enough to blind him," replied the young man, who was quickening his wits, thoughtful. "I could say, that we were in the habit of buying as low as any jobbing house, and that we as much as anyone as any in the trade. Or, that we made low profits, and could afford to sell as low as anybody. But, then, I should not thus upon many articles of which we sold ten cases to one. Or—but, there are a hundred ways in which's customer, who is never sharp in his dealings, may be answered, yet not enlightened. I could do it easily enough, and yet not tell a lie, so far as truth is concerned."

"Very well, Edward," said Mr. Craig. "That is just what I want you to do with all customers who seek the kind of information it is not our interest to impart. I wish you to be so true to all that pertains to my interests, and very ignorant in all that would benefit customers, that I may look on as a salesman, is to your employer, not to his customers. Set down this as one of the first pegs of your book of mercantile morals."

When Edward Forsyth went out from the private counting-room of his uncle, he felt that he had been sent to him than we can here record, he was not, in all things, a perfect young man, but he had before that all important interview. Mr. Craig was a merchant who thought and acted for himself. He was a man for himself," and lived fully up to his belief. He regarded all mercantile as so many keen sharpers, and he acted not to be over-reached by any. He set—always, however, working with great skill, and never losing sight of his object. He had gained a reputation for fair dealing—the best capital in trade that a merchant can possess. And in all his subsequent interviews with Edward, he succeeded in impressing upon his mind principles, as he called them, and fully indoctrinated him in his peculiar code of morals.

In the mind of Edward Forsyth grew himself wholly up to his uncle's business views, and confirmed, and he began to take the deepest interest in his calling. He was a young man of quick perception, and, as he advanced in, he gained a clearer insight into the mysteries of trade. He could not be cheated, and he could not cheat. He could not, for an honest dollar, sell a worthless article; and he could not, for a dishonest dollar, sell a worthless article; and he could not, for a dishonest dollar, sell a worthless article; and he could not, for a dishon

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HOMES FOR THE POOR.

Within a few years estimable steps have been taken by some philanthropic capitalists of London, to provide model dwellings, at moderate rents, for the working laboring poor; where, at a cost within the scope of their small earnings, they might have the comforts of a clean, quiet home and the luxury of baths and reading-rooms. The first experiments were made in the suburbs of the city, on the lines of railroad, where land could be had cheap, and extensive blocks of buildings were erected in a substantial manner, finished within plainly, and even with reference to convenience and good ventilation than show; such house having little more and grass plot in front, and a garden for the cultivation of vegetables in the rear. The cost of such dwelling was but trifling, the ground-rent still less, so that the landlord, the capitalistic artizan, or laboring man of whatever stamp, earning not less than a dollar a day, could afford to rent a model house and provide his family with all the decencies of life.

London is a city some thirty miles square in diameter, and from the centre to the circumference, where these buildings are erected, would be a long journey daily at the streets, eight or ten miles—apparently a very inconvenient distance for the workingmen to travel twice a day to and from his labor. To obviate this inconvenience the model houses were erected, as we have said, on the lines of railroad piercing in various directions from the heart of the city, and provision were made by which the laborer, with his certificate, could ride into and out of the city for a penny each way, at any hour of the morning and evening. Blocks of model houses were calculated for from two hundred to three hundred families, and had a bath and a reading-room, well provided with pure and books, was supplied. The right to enjoy these rooms was common to every house-owner—an agent of the capitalists having supervisory control to, perform these duties. Likewise, also, were occasionally furnished; some by provision connected with the route, and some volunteered by workingmen who had poor, but honest and industrious communities.

The first experiments worked so profitably, that they were immediately imitated in nearly all the suburbs of the city, and extensive and handsome ones than provided for tens of thousands, who, cramped within the least and most the filth of a most like London, would find it not only a relief of distribution and misery—to say nothing of the diseases avoided by a residence where the air was pure and the surroundings ing, and where children could take cheerful and happy exercise in sporting on the green sward. After a little time schools were attached to these communities, and to the physical comfort of the living generation was added the more lasting improvement of education—the noblest and surest wealth of the poor. These model dwellings were extended, in various parts of the city, model lodging houses, when the year wages were low, and where laborer, could have a bath and sleep in a clean bed, for three pence; and close upon the lodging, followed model cafés for the poor, for their refreshment. They fully successful, and why not, as well as model grocers?

In the city of New York are thousands of the laborious poor families, now suffering for some such benevolence—not good-hearted people, but enterprise; an enterprise which, in the city's suburbs or across the rivers, might be carried out with greater facility than in London, and which would not pay the capitalist more than legal interest on his money. Here ground and building materials are cheap, and room for baths is more abundant, and the cost of schools, and of lands and newspapers, and reading-rooms, less by two-thirds than in London. We have among us men of wealth who might perpetuate their memories in future generations by turning a part earned thought to this great subject, and starting a work which would result in lasting benefaction upon thousands. It would be better, even, for the city to provide in this manner for the poor, than to pay millions in taxes to support its pauperism and partial charities, as it now does. But the greatest of all reasons for the adoption of the physical, moral and intellectual well-being of the poor. Give them clean and comfortable homes, and comfort and health, and their total regeneration would be as certain as the light of heaven.

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

We now recently a fragment of Plymouth Rock that Colony of the "Pilgrim Fathers." In sight of which, more than two and a quarter centuries ago, the persecuted England Puritans—men and women and sent to the shore of the New World, amid the snow and tempests of winter and a wilderness, a little band of the bravest hearts and most God-fearing souls that ever planted a nation. It was not a beautiful, but a grand, and even sublimely looking-scene, cast into a breech—but no small one—by the heaving of which the hammer of 1620, and from them scattered through the mighty revolutions that have since shaken the world to its those pilgrims, it seemed to glow with associations and superstitions, and to inspire into a cast rock—a mountain—spirit which it would be impossible to describe in any words. We do not wonder that the hearts of New England beat to that rock against which the wintry winds and seas sang to the healing of the Pilgrims—that they took it for a shrine, and cut to a sacred status. It will not a greater place in the future than the pillar of Hercules, or the desert-smoking pyramids. It is grandest on the memory and in the affections of a people, who can never forget those heroic fathers, who, exiling themselves from native land, dared the perils of ocean and wilderness, that throwing and cast their children might have glorious Liberty.

A CASTE LEVELLER.

In all countries but our own, the careful and even the casual observer, can divide the castes and classes of people by their dress, appearance, &c. Here, all such standards of judgment measurably fail. The extreme and several are overpassed, through good wages, to don a fac-simile of the coats of their employers, and being built in the fashion of manners, it is often utterly impossible on our gayest thoroughfares to detect which is Miss Bridget, and which Mrs. Polyglot—which the day laborer, and which the retired banker. Bridget waits for Mrs. Polyglot, and knowcard, of course, patronizes Mrs. P.'s milliner and mantua-maker. She puts on as many flounces and as deep-pointed lace as her "mistress," and often vies with her in the richness of her wardrobe. It is not remarkable, therefore, that in the middle of the street the lady."

Last so, the clerk and apprentice know their employer's and bank's ledger, butter and boot-maker, and have the battalions are so like, the manners take equal, as to defy the most artistic scrutiny. Indeed, Pompey and Samuels, in all but their color

A CONTRADICTION.

BY ALICE GARY.

I wish the rose were not so red,
The lily more beautiful with the grace
They put themselves to show that I
Shall never in my stillness see.

I wish the world would cease to play
Upon the tin horns at the door,
The sad, sweet tunes—I cannot bear
Ever to hear them any more.

O gift of God's good speech abused!
I do not miss the things I say—
Lost your my single plot of flowers
Without the sudden summer day!

And when I think how birds and many
They sweetest, and how angry sweet
They caught are their humility,
Growing an higher than my feet,

I cannot bear to see the spring
Renew with green each green bare—
The honeysuckle's exotic thread
Reminds me of my murdered peace.

THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO,

A TALE OF

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE."

BY DR. S. P. BROOKS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Robt. Bonner's Sons, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XV.

TOO LATE.

The widow was in a reverie; that is to say, having closed her doors, for the time being, on all visitors, she was meditating, with an uneasy heart, upon three incidents, namely—the sudden flight of the woodman, the self-negation of the secretary, and the mysterious disappearance of the waiting-woman.

The first and second she thought to the same cause, though without clearly comprehending what that cause was; but the third puzzled and annoyed her. And after getting her mind into a state of almost inextricable confusion, in endeavoring to unravel the knotty problems, she concluded to give it up in despair, and try what could be gleaned from investigation.

But to pursue the inquiries which were in her mind in her own person, would be unworthy her dignity. This must be thought of, and the lady did think of it, and for a brief hour was posed. She had none to whom she could give her confidence, and hence was thrown upon her own resources; that is to say, upon herself.

When it is remembered that the lady was a widow—a word which, be it understood, is spelled in the first place a woman; in the second place, a woman with fifteen hundred times the courage, the shrewdness and the readiness to take advantage of circumstances, that is possessed by a maid; and in the third place, a woman with a thousand times the genius in herself and in experimental knowledge of the sex with which man can pretend to compete, that understand how to wield Cupid's lance; when it is remembered, we say, that the lady was a widow, that she was in love, and had her being stirred up by the acute promptings of jealousy, the reader will be surprised to learn that on being thrown upon her own resources, she was not long in finding her place or in deciding upon her course of action. Now, when in addition to this, it is also remembered that, besides having all the wit and experience of a widow, Donna Isabel de la Monteros was of a race always noted for their cunning, intelligence and subtlety, the reader, we think, will agree with us that there was no matter of astonishment at all in the fact that when night came and the porter was temporarily absent from his post, the lead door was found to be open, and a young lady in the disguise of a doctor's student issued into the street, and made her way, with an air of careless indifference, to the nearest, dimly-lighted stream to the inn of the Three Poor Travelers, which she entered by the same means, and, seating herself at a small corner table, boldly called for a bumper of Malaga.

The room was neither large nor small, and yet it had air enough to suffice ranged on either side, most of which were occupied by men for one half a dozen young roysterers, who then as now threw out jest and gossip, and sometimes also a little more proportion that they imbibed the stimulus of the cup.

The Three Poor Travelers was situated a few doors from the corner of a modest street running from the plaza, or great square, and was regarded as a respectable second-rate inn. It was patronized chiefly by mercantile, underlings, and was loved a quiet drop in a quiet way, but who, nevertheless, when under the influence of liquor, would talk, spoke, or rather chattered, sufficiently above their throttle to be heard by all around them. This, however, was no fraser of the frequenters of the Three Poor Travelers than of the quiet patrons of similar places in our own day. It was then, that the arrival of the young student created no more attention than that of strangers who entered it afterwards, or the departure now and then of one or more of those who, having finished their business, retired either for a promenade on the plaza or for their homes.

The medical student, or rather the widow, as the reader will doubtless readily understand, did not visit the Three Poor Travelers for the purpose of taking a quiet drink; and though, for the hour or two that she remained there, she occasionally called the vessel to her lips, it was observed by a waiter, after her departure, that the measure was as full as when it was first placed upon the table; a fact which caused that worthy to wonder not a little at the good health of the student, for the other was a wag-pen and of a quality to sustain the character of the Three Poor Travelers, which was noted to a small way for the excellence of its liquors. But this apart.

The widow had scarcely seated herself at the little corner table we have mentioned, when she experienced one of the greatest of annoyances, one who would learn the news at home must go abroad.

"It is as I have had the honor to inform you, senora," said a noisy individual to his companion, a party of four at an adjoining table. "The marquis, with all his skill, was no more than a child before him. Leon pierced him in five places, more to teach fortune than to kill him, and he had killing else, and finally gave him a finisher in the left breast that, according to the surgeon, must have been intended as a mercy-stroke; for while the puncture begins on a direct line with the heart, it suddenly dipped downward and passed the edge, as though Leon had compassionately changed his mind, and concluded simply to punish and not to kill his antagonist."

"Very likely," observed another; "for the secretary is naturally of a magnanimous turn."

The widow pricked up her ears.

"There is no use of arguing the matter," said a third. "Leon is not only the first swordsman of the gymnasium, but of Toledo. That man's life is not worth a pin's fee who seriously crosses blades with him. I myself have seen him disarm the best foil-players in succession."

"But what was the cause of their quarrel?" asked the fourth.

"Cause enough," answered the last speaker. "Did not the marquis purposely insult him on Tuesday at the gymnasium?"

"Did him an upshot, or something of that sort," suggested the second.

"Exactly," confirmed the third. "And was it not known to everybody in Toledo that they were to fight on the following morning?"

"I am aware of all that," said the fourth, impatiently. "But what was the cause of the insult? What had Leon said or done?"

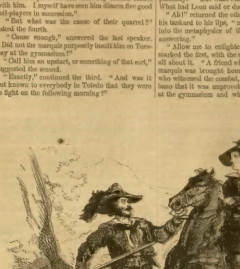
"Ah!" returned the other, laughingly, applying his tankard to his lips, "now that you are going into the metaphysics of the case, I must decline answering."

"Allow me to enlighten you," pompously remarked the first, with the air of a man who knew all about it. "A friend who was present when the marquis was brought home, states that de Percy, who attended him, informed the elder Sorbano that it was unprovoked by Leon, who, both at the gymnasium and when on the ground, demanded an explanation of the reason, and was scornfully refused; and that it was probably owing to the unceremonious of this refusal that Leon punished the marquis as he did. Had the latter acted more like a gentleman, he would have been left comparatively uninjured."

"I don't see that that answers my question!" said the fourth.

"Then you had better consult the marquis himself," returned the other, somewhat disgusted, "for if the conqueror, the secretary, did not know why the quarrel was forced upon him, it is not likely that we should."

"Was it forced upon him?"



THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO (IN THE GARB OF A CAVALIER,) CAPTURED BY BANDITTI.

"The count as informed the elder Sorbano."

"What does he know about it?"

"Why, the count?"

"The nuns."

"He appears to be aware of all the details, from the commencement to the end."

"So did you, but now; and yet when you are pinned to the point, you are ungoverned only with so much of the general facts as is familiar to every body?"

"I must see this Count de Percy!" muttered the widow, to herself.

"It was rumored here this afternoon," said the landlord, who floated as colloquy, quietly approaching the group, "that a certain lady, well known for her great wealth, is mixed up in this affair."

The widow felt a tingling in her veins and a blushing bantoon in her cheeks, to hide which she raised her tankard to her lips, but, as usual, was careful not to drink.

"What lady?" demanded the four, in a breath.

"I am not at liberty to mention the name," answered the host; "particularly as I am not certain of the amount of truth that may be in the statement; but it is said—mind, I only give the latest report,"—it said that the marquis had received that no one but himself should wed this lady, upon whom he had made an impression, and who of late has apparently been inclining towards the secretary—in fact which alarmed the jealous fears of the marquis, who determined to insult and call him out, for the purpose of removing in him a formidable obstacle to his own success as a suitor."

The widow, this time, was sensible of a burning heat, not only in her cheeks but up to the crown of her head.

"This, after all, can only be a mere conjecture," said the third, who appeared to be the only cool-headed of inordinate obstinacy and shrewdness; "for how could a marquis so quickly privilege out. The marquis, who is notorious for his pride, in which he wraps himself as in a cloak, would not be likely to blab upon himself, and thus be the herald of his own shame!"

"Pardon me, senor," said the host, looking down with steady firmness upon the speaker, whose bulging eyeballs and fiery countenance we have already had a likely!"

"Bah!" cried the other with affected contempt.

The landkeeper quietly laid his hand upon the young lady's shoulder as he said—

"You form your conclusions too hastily, my friend. Shallow minds invariably do so. You should first hear all the facts, and then judge."

The young man flushed, and appeared for an instant as if disposed to resent the remark; but the hand upon his shoulder, and the calm, steadfast gaze of its owner unnerved him, and he colored and dropped his eyes like one conscious that he has been detected and exposed.

He felt the force of the table that he felt that he was understood, and that he would never again attempt to bewilder anything by his shallow pretensions.

The pompous gentleman, who had previously been cowed, instantly began to feel his superiority rising again.

"What are the facts, landlord?" he asked, brushing up his hair.

"As I have related them," said the landkeeper, who, conscious that he had sufficiently abased the bully, now withdrew his hand from that individual's shoulder.

"But how did they get out?"

"Through the melange, before his attendants, of the marquis himself, who for the last two days has been in a high fever."

"Ah! thank you; that accounts for it. You see, gentlemen, I was not far out of the way! In the inequis likely to re-disturb our friend the secretary, by the landlord!"

"Not in this world," returned the host. "It is said—I only give you the report—that in such a case should recover, which is doubtful, the wound in such shoulder will render his arm utterly useless!"

There being no longer any danger of a disturbance, the landlord now moved away, and left the party to themselves. On reaching the bar and looking round to see if the guests were all at ease, he observed the doctor's student, or rather the widow, silently beckoning him to approach. Comprehending that he was to do this without exciting attention, he gradually moved in that direction, as if intent upon no particular object. On reaching the table he quietly sat down, and looking towards the bar, like a true inn-keeper, for the double purpose of keeping an eye upon the waiters and the company, and of giving the student an opportunity to speak without restraint, he inquired, in a low tone, "the name's what?"

The buxzing chatter of the guests rendered the conversation that followed inaudible to all but the parties themselves.

"Can you inform me, host," said the student, in a low voice, which, notwithstanding its coarsely affect to disguise it, the innkeeper at once recognized as that of a woman, "whether you have a female lodger?"

"No female lodgers at present," he answered, without looking or revealing it to appear that he suspected the sex of the questioner.

"Have you had any recently?"

"Not for many months."

A slight puff of relief escaped from the widow. "Is the secretary of whom you were but now speaking one of your guests?"

"Not that I am aware of. I have not the honor of his acquaintance. I do not know that I ever saw him," he says," added the landkeeper, as a thought crossed him. "Is he in the neighborhood of twenty-five—handsome—tall—and quite prepossessing?"

"His female lodgers at present," he answered, without looking or revealing it to appear that he suspected the sex of the questioner.

"Have you had any recently?"

"Not for many months."

A slight puff of relief escaped from the widow. "Is the secretary of whom you were but now speaking one of your guests?"

"Not that I am aware of. I have not the honor of his acquaintance. I do not know that I ever saw him," he says," added the landkeeper, as a thought crossed him. "Is he in the neighborhood of twenty-five—handsome—tall—and quite prepossessing? In the absence of a picture with the colors reported?" said the student.

"You have described him," said the widow, stifling a sigh.

"This woman is some poor creature whom the young man has infatuated?" muttered the host. "Ha! he knows not what he has undertaken!"

"Himself. Is he here?"

He was here, said the innkeeper, slowly, and without looking around at his interrogator.

"Was?" repeated the widow, her cheek paling to the hue of ashes.

"He went away with a leg-quitter, whom I had not the honor of introducing to his service, two days ago," was the reply.

"Which?"

The innkeeper noticed that this word was pronounced in the dry, husky tone of one in mingled surprise and alarm.

"Can this be the widow, of whom I heard today?" he muttered, to himself. "Can it be?" he said, shaking his voice.

He felt the widow's hand on which his left arm rested, quiver.

"Is she the widow?" he muttered. "Something has occurred to sunder their relations, and she is in agony. Poor soul! I pity her!"

"Was the boy that you spoke of, senor?" asked the lady, with an effort.

"Yes, senora," he said, who had come to the city on the evening before the young man's departure, in quest of service. The poor creature must be in great suffering!" he added to himself, "for she is trembling again."

"He is gone?"

"The boy's? Paul."

"Paul!"

"I should suppose some sixteen or eighteen, or at most, to be jealous of the lad!" he mutterally exclaimed.

"Tell or short!"

"Nothing of a middling height."

"Short or slender?"

"Slender rather to the latter."

"I pray you, senor, to describe him."

"I will willingly. He was a clean, handsome youth, with a dark, modest eye; a clean, high, broad brow, on whose smooth surface thought seemed to play with active purity; a Grecian nose, whose delicately curved nostril would have served as a sculptor's sculptor ambitious of distinction in locating posture's graduating index; a mild yet exquisitely chiseled mouth, on which, if I were a woman, I should not say nay, nor was averse with kissing; and a bold yet softly rounded chin, upon which the down of early manhood had just begun to grow. His voice had that late-toned softness which hints upon the verge of the sound of sea waves in melting summer, captivating every sense and subduing it into gushing joy. Never before did I such a voice in man or woman. The resolution of the lad's was harsh in comparison, and I felt that I could listen to it for ever. I was preparing for the business of the day when, from his room, he came kneeling to tell me his story and solicit my influence in procuring him hire under the senor he had seen the evening before in the dining room; and, on my word, as I am a Christian man, I was perforce compelled to relinquish what I had in hand and fold my arms and listen, entranced by the melody that issued from his lips."

"Had his voice a like effect upon the secretary?"

asked the widow, who felt her heart growing hard.

"You shall hear. Finding at length that my efforts were suffering while I listened, I, whose every sense was interested on the enchantment of his tones, consented to take him up to the senor whom he so desired to serve. The latter gave him a courteous but a cold reception. But I left him, confident that his voice and action manner would take the senor captive as they had me. Nor did I err. For in less, two hours or more loving friends dwelt not in Toledo, and the lad came down to me as one of his good fortune and sobbing at his success."

The landkeeper felt the table quivering again, and this time as though the lady was shivering with a chill.

"Paul, I think you called him?" she said, in a voice so hollow and unlike her own that it surprised herself.

"Paul," answered the host, neither turning nor calculating by any sign that he was conscious of what he was conversing with.

"How was he garbed?"

"As became so handsome a country lad: in a small, flat, green velvet hat, with a buckle, but no plume; a close-fitting tunic of the same material color, studded on the inner side of the arm with white pearls; long, full-cut trowsers, and a leg which matchless symmetry and beauty would have filled the heart of a nerve with rapture: and rumor states that would have answered for almost any city child of fashion. He should have worn also the first sword dangling from his side, he vaulted on the board upon his horse, and catching up the rein, dashed off hopefully and gayly. Poor fellow! little you would have said, as I did, and as did all who saw him in the saddle, that a coarser lad never set foot in, stirrup nor challenged admiration for horsemanship."

"Thank you," said the widow, rising. "Please accompany me to the door. The wine I for has stolen up into my head. To Madrid, you say?"

"Madrid, senor."

"On foot or horse?"

"And some few hours over. They started at the close of the morning."

"Many, many thanks. But we are at the door, and I feel better—better than I can express. Many thanks again, senor. Adieu!"

"Good night!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MAN WHO HAD LOST HIS SOUL-DOOR.

A state of drowsy effect or thereabouts was sitting before a desk in a room, furnished on all sides with rosewood shelves, bordered with large parchment-bound volumes, whose Latin titles were understood by none of the household except their owner, who, with the exception of a prudent son, had caused the initials of his name to be imprinted on the back of each, thus—J. M., Juan Mendoza, or, as he was designated by the full appointment of his office, Don Juan de Mendoza, Minister of Justice for the province of Toledo in the Most Gracious Catholic Majesty, Charles the Fourth, King of Spain and the Indies. Over the desk the public life abbreviated to Don Mendoza, Minister of Justice, which was still further curtailed in common parlance to the Minister of Justice. The latter was at once brief, expressive, and reducing the dignity of the office with the tenancy, was taken from the senor himself, who, as the reader has already learned, was the Viceroy and his friend the superintendent of the treasury, was now lolling or reducing the office to the man, and also his person.

As we have said, this man was sitting before his desk at the time of our opening now at a sheet of parchment which was partially filled with writing, which he occasionally added others, and then, with an absent, perplexed air, through the window, which looked out upon a moderately-sized garden, filled with a rich profusion of flowers, with variegated flowers, whose delicious perfume alleged the air, and those which loved their fragrance, pomegranate, date, olive and almond trees, and basked the meadow of the minister of justice in an almagra of color.

This sweet odor, which one would naturally suppose would have a soothing and refining influence upon those who inhaled it, had little or none on the minister's family; certainly not upon the minister himself, who was so bold and irascible as a York, nor upon his five sons, who, from childhood, had always been noted for their impudence, their imperiousness, their presumption and pugnacity—qualities which made them at once the terror and pest of the neighborhood, and which had eventually rendered it needful to send them one after another down to their family vault much sooner than they probably would have gone if they had been born under a less inflammatory climate; a fact which should have been without its moral to their sire, upon whom, however, it had had no other effect than to make him more haughty, more cruelty, and more pugnacious than ever. And whereas during the lifetime of his sons he had been known as the one as the snarling sire of the five ball-pups, they, since the death of the youngest, who, as we have set forth by the hand of the Marquis de Sorbano, changed the appellation to the snapping bull-dog, which, as the reader will doubtless concede, was not so dignified as expressive. Nor was this contempt without a certain degree of verbal meaning; for while the minister invariably snapped at all who crossed his path, he not unfrequently took a nice bit from their persons, or rather their purses, to inspire them with a proper respect for his teeth—that is to say his position as minister of justice, for which they themselves had a most wholesome awe. But there was also a deeper significance to his nick-name, in that he clung with dogged tenacity to both his appointments and his bales. As he never pardoned any who had been so unfortunate as to incur his enmity, so he never relinquished an ambition that had once taken possession of his thoughts. For instance, his eye had long been fixed upon the Viceroy's chair, to which, with his customary confidence in himself, he expected to sit; and though after the lapse of twelve years he was no nearer to the object of his desire than at first, he quietly muttered, "Patience, the future is still before us!" and continued to plot, to work, and to look forward to success, as steadily and resolutely as before.

But on the occasion referred to in the opening of this chapter, a new idea was working in his mind, and interrupting the progress of a letter, which he was inditing to Ramirez, his prime minister, whose friendship he, in view of making that personage useful, had carefully been cultivating ever since the birth of his daughter for the betrothal child. This idea was at the same time a suggestion. It was in reference to the loss of his two bull-pups, the facetious sarcasm had formerly made him feel strong and equal to any emergency, which might issue from his own subtle brain. He mused thus, now; not as a father misses the loved ones that were made known on Nilus, but as a mercenary sire feels the loss of his hand, whose slaughter in the field has left him a cripple. Without the power of wielding terror to the hearts of his enemies, and reduced to that to the necessity of urging wholly upon his individual strength.

The minister missed his sons the more keenly, because in understanding his genius, they gloried into his hand, and made his interest their own. They were his spies, and many a secret had he picked out each information as was essential to his purposes, which he fought his battles in the disguises; they carried his letters to the prime ministers; they overawed and neutralized the influence of his enemies; they were, in fine, his strength and the performers of his will.

But now that they were all gone, who, like the minister of justice, was the one great dream of his life—ambition—he found himself no longer any of his instruments, "they are!"

Without having learned it from any human tongue, Don Juan was conscious that the object of his ambition was at length known to the party whose interest it was to thwart him, and that he had not heard it, nor gathered it from any chain of circumstances, but had come to him or fallen under his observation. But he was nevertheless firmly convinced of the fact as though it had been told him by the Viceroy himself. The Viceroy loved his mind like a veritable intuition, and hung on his lips as though he were the oracle of Delphi that will not and cannot be drawn out; and he saw in the minister of justice a thoroughly-trusted servitor.

But in this he lay to the occasions with which he was surrounded, and which perplexed and sheet before him, and gazed out upon the trees in the garden, as if expecting to behold some object that would suggest a solution to them. For all the detail of the last of the five pups, he had been accustomed to see and daily thinking, but never action was called for; but who was to perform it? Who was there in the household, or who was there in the prime minister without delay—whom he could to take it? Himself! He shook his head at the thought. He was not a man of action, and would become inextricably involved; a great host of petty combinations would arise for the purpose of—and the minister loved money—would seriously suffer; and the Viceroy would like nothing better than to have him absent for a day, or more than two days. Besides, the ordinary habits of a whole month would be broken in upon, and he was unable to his withered legs and drunken arms. The caprice which his wife had formerly had, being there none for those than use. It is true that he had in his breast courage enough to overpower; but what should courage without strength? A cripple without the ability to handle it? Added to this a danger to his person was not to be thought of. He were brigands in the mountains, and murdered travelers in the plains. It was a journey, the very young again, these dangers would not deter him; but age is prudent, and not overfond of going in search of self-encountered.

But something must be done, and quickly. His position required it, and he felt that for another year exercising the latter's ancient energy, Don Garcia de Mendoza, information of the existence of that personage, and make him a factor friend does ever for the minister, whom he already regarded with high favor. And he was not mistaken in his estimation, was the real king—the power behind the throne that governed the prime minister, the minister of his window sill.

Don Juan sent Don de Mendoza's only troubles. Of late an insect had burned around him and succeeded in puncturing him with its sting—a sting that was a great many times more than a match for the whole family. Indeed, he was not aware of the existence of the insect, which, after having buzzed around him for a long time, was first ten inches in height, and finally, with a sudden flash of delight by stinging him. On his way to and from court, he frequently could see him around without being holding this insect at his beck, and when he went this insect appeared to follow. While privately conversing with a client, he could see this plaza relative to a suit which was shortly to come up before the minister for final adjudication, he was startled, as the conference drew to a close, at beholding the insect form sitting behind a cornucopia tree, with its head and body in the shape of a man on the breast. The minister and the client looked at each other in mutual astonishment and alarm. They comprehended that in case the man's stop should be spread, their conversation which would not bear the light, had been overheard.

"Shall I stab him, my lord?" asked the client, in a whisper.

"Wait!" said the minister.

And he stooped down to smell the man's breath, which threw out the rank exhalation that proceeds from one dropping of a debauch.

"Well, my lord?" inquired the client, whose hand was upon his dagger.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

"Let him pass," said the minister. "There is no danger."

And the cab turned from the spot.

But they had scarcely quitted the place when it occurred to the minister that he had seen the stranger's features before; and on further reflection, he remembered that they were those of the insect. On communicating this fact to the others, the latter suggested the propriety of immediately exchanging their dress, and disguising their flight. The minister assented, and they returned to the place from which they came, but they started and exchanged a glance of uneasiness.

"The man was no longer there!

"A spy!" suggested the others.

"But who?" said the minister.

"*That* is the point!" said the chief.

And they left the place with gloomy looks.

As evening or two later, while meditating in his study, the minister chancing to look through the window, again, to his astonishment, beheld the insect seating in the branch of an opposite tree, and attentively observing him. Rushing indignantly out, and calling to the servants, whom he hailed, he sought in vain for the spy who had hastily decamped, leaving behind him a small piece of parchment, which the porter picked up from the foot of the orange-tree and handed to his master, who, in returning to his study, read, to swearing, letter, "I am after you!"

This incident, it will be easily conceived, gave a new turn to the minister's reflections; and sent him to his couch with a dreamy eye.

The next evening, while smoking in the place in search of a client with whom he had an appointment, and to whom he wished to deliver a letter of secret instructions in reference to procuring false witnesses, he suddenly encountered the latter conversing with an alien. He paused and made a sign to avoid the client's eye. The latter perceived it; but on putting his hand into his pocket for the letter, he discovered to his dismay that it was gone!

"The insect!" he muttered; his intention left his lips in the form of a hiss.

Could to his conscience, he, the following morning, found on the floor of his study a note which had evidently been thrown in at the window. It was written in the same hand as that found by the porter, and contained the following: "I HAVE you!"

The minister sighed for the two pages, either of whom would have made short work with the impudent meddler.

But he is a government or a private spy? Was he in the interest of some official interested in his suit, or in that of some individual who was also seeking vengeance for some unrighteous decree? In either case, it was time for the minister to be up and doing, and on his guard.

All this flashed through the mind of the minister, and occasioned the perplexity that marked his manner as he indicted the letter to the prime minister. Its everything was read to him, and the epistle finally reached its completion, and by before its writer in a green velvet envelope, crossed with red tape, which was secured to the cloth every here and there with a seal of crimson wax. Nothing now was wanting but a superscription, and it to its destination. But where should he look for this superscription, which was of the utmost importance of the letter and the dangers of the journey, ought to be at once cunning, trusty and brave? While considering this important question, a servant announced a client in the reception room. A few minutes satisfied for the business of the latter, and the dismissing whom the minister returned to the study to resume his cogitations, when a new surprise startled his watery blood, and sent it leaping through his veins like molten lead.

There lay the prime minister was gone!

"The insect—the insect!" he muttered, and sunk trembling on a stage and near relieved his chair.

There was now no further time for thought, for being or sentiment. That which in the hands of an enemy would betray all his hopes and plans, that letter would tend him for an aspiring spy, and his hopes and plans, his ambition and ease, be brought. Only one course was left to him, namely: to anticipate the action of his enemies, and to avoid making home for Madrid. This, though not without a struggle, he finally resolved to do; and leaving word for visitors that he had been unexpectedly called away a few days, he, at daybreak of the following morning, departed into the open air.

As he emerged into the highroad running through the mountains, he beheld before him, riding at an easy pace, a traveler, hanging from his breast in a sash of greasy, threadbare gray, and mounted on a lean, bandy mule, whose more than half starved air but little rested to the load that his owner would ere long be compelled to continue his journey on foot, or else falsify the law of the land since used.

"He, friend!" patronizingly cried the minister, who was glad of any company through the mountains; "you have but a sorry jade under you! If you have to go, accident may lead desire better to provide yourself with a sounder beast?"

"Ah! sooth!" said Pequillo, "I may not be, with an air of good-natured simplicity, "you know the proverb: 'He to be honest, needs go ride.'"

Poor Peter, here, is an innocent creature, and has had only hard fare all his days. When he and another set together at the same wrap, he hasn't nature enough to insist upon his own share. The consequence is, he, most days, has to go hungry to thee upon the air."

"That depends on use," said the minister, "why don't you have him fed at a separate stall?"

"Ah! senor, you know the proverb, 'Beggars mustn't be choosers.' Peter, poor soul! knows his master's position, and conducts himself accordingly. He don't look for fine stalls and separate stalls. And still he has his yearnings, too, poor fellow! I've seen him at a cooking-shop with an expression that would have drawn feeling from a stone; and then, senor, as though the sight was more than he could bear, he would turn his head another way, and presently big tears would gather in his large black eyes, and his chest would heave, and he'd look as if he would like a betrayed and deserted woman's, when she sees what's taken her."

"You of course treat him to a little luxury, now and then?" said the minister, comprehending him-self in the sympathies of the open-hearted man of compassion, and not little dreaming that he and the insect were the same person.

"Ah! senor, you know the proverb, 'Now and then is sweet food in time of need.' I would be without an appetite that ought to slumber to give him more than his usual fare. When one lives his mule, he only feels him what he can afford to give, and no more. To do otherwise, would be to cast off all it would be taking compassion for a perhaps ought never to practise."

"Have you far to go?" asked the minister.

"Ah! senor, you know the proverb: 'Who can tell where his journey will terminate?' If I like the road, I may pursue it to the end: if not, I probably shall turn off into some others. It matters but little: wherever I travel I need no long to be ready for destination."

"What do you follow for a living?" inquired the minister, perceiving that he had to do with one who was not so simple as he seemed.

"Nothing—anything—everything!"

"Nothing—anything—everything!" repeated the minister, musingly, to himself.

"Then" said the man-driver, with a merry laugh, "I follow nothing because nothing agrees with my stomach to nothing—and I have been to the three thirty years. I follow anything because who pursues anything pursues nothing (when he loves to nothing) for his pains—and that is all I get. I follow everything because who pursues everything comes home with nothing—and that is all I bring home."

"Have you no special business?" said the minister, determined to see what would come of delaying the letter into a court.

"Yes, senor, to drive Peter and give him half a peck of bran a day, which I have faithfully done these sixteen years."

"I see you are a wit!" observed the minister, smiling at the ease with which the interrogatory was parried.

"I think I likely, senor; for I've heard it said who never amount to much, which, I am sure, is the case with me."

"Are you married?"

"Why, no; but I've had a man in grey. "If I get a kiss now and then from a pretty servant-maid, it is as near as I hope to ever get to wife-hood. Married men are grave, dismal fellows, and when nothing with their wives remind me of the child' mentioned at a Christian. They look like smoking oak, the pavers ashamed of themselves. They laugh seldom, and though their hearts were not in fit, and, under the tutelage of their wives, become shy, timid, mistrustful, and full of fears. We have many such in our village; and I never see one without thinking, 'There's a flat young man spoiled!'"

"Where did you say your village is?"

"A great way from here, senor."

"East or west?"

"Which?"

"North, then?"

"No."

"O, I see. South?"

"Not north nor south."

"How can that be? It must be one of the four?"

"What if it be neith- ay west?"

"I understand. It lies in that direction?"

"What direction, senor?"

"North by west."

"I have not said so, senor."

"Most assuredly you did."

"Most certainly I did not. I simply said, what if it be north by west. But had my senses been in doubt, I should not be there. I am not apt to a question."

"By young friend, you are too smart!" observed the disappointed minister. "You will hurt yourself some day."

"Ah! senor, you know the proverb, 'Who has nothing can lose nothing!' To which let me add, 'Who have only what's earned, can lose but little.' By the way, is your house well armed? This country is full of robbers, and I should not expect for aught except self-almed bullets and bold-hearted men. Would you like to purchase a pistol, with not a drop of lift left in them, lying dark and still on the wayside?"

"Have you any more of these gentry?" demanded the minister.

"A brace," answered the man in gray, laughingly. "No one would think, looking at my mule and its master, that we carried more, but I say anything to lose."

He Mendoza rode on awhile thoughtfully. The possibility of being robbed and left upon the road was not very pleasant. Glancing at laugh at the man in gray, he inquired:

"How would you like to exchange clothes, friend?"

"Ah! senor, I couldn't think of it," answered the man in gray. "Peter would not swallow his bran, and what was to the other's mind. "My grassy suit is my best friend. It is, as I say my, a safe protection from the hand's of robbers. Besides, I can travel through the most dangerous parts without fear. It's poverty-proof. Nobody robs it; and leaving word for visitors that he had been unexpectedly called away a few days, he, at daybreak of the following morning, departed into the open air.

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when they were suddenly startled by a loud authoritative command to halt.

Looking up in the direction of the voice, they beheld standing upon a rock, some twenty feet above the pass, which it partially overshadowed, a tall, burly brigand, with a small arsenal of pistols and yataghans in his belt, a serviceable sabre at his side, and a long-barrelled fusil in his right hand. He was a showy, flashing fellow; with a fine figure in his head, and an eye whose expression was at once bold, reckless, unprincipled, and good-humoured. He was accoutred in a blue shirt, embroidered with lace and silver; tight-fitting scarlet pantaloons, secured on the outside with frosted silk; and yellow jack boots, with a dark, shouldered hat, fringed with Flanders lace, and heavy with gaudy plumes, fastened with a glittering jewel, given to his general by a sovereign—a many-tinted-rays cut affair that was worthy of his calling.

"So, friends," he cried, "you have ridden the enough for me! and as it is not Christian-like to let wayfarers pass one's door without offering them refreshment, suppose you put up awhile with me, and partake of the hospitality of my mountain home?"

"You are very kind, senor," said Pequillo; "but the fact is, my friend, self and servant are in haste to take our farewell of a dying relative, so that dear man alone we have undertaken this journey."

"Ah!" said the brigand, with a smile, "I would condole with you, were it not for the frequency of this excuse has burdened me against sympathy. Indeed, by a singular coincidence, about every third traveller in his way has to do a sick or dying relative! But which is your servant?"

"This lad, senor."

"And the owner of the very beast beside him?"

"A peasant, senor, whom we picked up on the road, and who solicited the privilege of riding in our company."

"Let him answer for himself!"

"It is as the cavalier has observed, senor," said the mistaken lassaly.

"To whom are you bearing despatches?" demanded the brigand.

"To some merchants in Madrid, who are to pay me for my trouble, senor."

"Well," haughtily remarked the brigand, "a few dours' rest will do your poor beast good, and as the muleteers cannot reasonably expect you to broil yourself in the sun in their service, you had better lay by with them for a night's shelter, or perhaps, may not be unwilling to favor you with some little commission, which will add to the profits of your journey."

"Shall we risk a bullet by flight?" whispered the ex-alcalde to the widow, whom he mounted behind.

"It would be useless!" returned the latter. "The man is not alone."

The fat boy was melting in his saddle; not so much with heat from the sun, however, as with terror from the brigand.

The minister was meditating upon the probabilities in his favor in case he gave a free rein to the buried his spurs in the flanks of Peter, who was haughty spirit at such of gentle shooting out from a service in the rock on the right.

"What say you, gentlemen?" demanded the brigand. "Have you made up your minds?"

"I cannot afford to lose my thousand pistoles," muttered the scaler to himself, pressing the flanks of his horse with his spurs. "Therefore, holy St. Charlaine befriend us!"

The Andalusian bounded forward, and the next moment was speeding along the road like a line of light.

Almost at the same instant treaty fails reared their disdainful in the ravine-pass. The widow, the alcalde, the minister, and the fat boy looked to see the half-bestarred brigand give chase to the earth. But the gallant Andalusian continued to bear him on.

The minister, encouraged by the young man's success, instantly decided upon a like attempt.

"Now, my friends—and may God bless my firm!" he muttered.

And plunging his spurs into the mule, he boldly dashed after the ex-valet, with whom he hoped soon to come up. But the minister was soon taught his error. Pequillo was trying to do the best thing. If he calculated upon getting off scot-free, the Prudence he reckoned without his host. He had sped on only a few rods, when a sharp, stinging pain in the spine told that a ball was in it, and that the ball had entered a vital spot. A cry, a relation of fatalness followed; and grasping the rein with the involuntary energy of a man receiving his mortal sinking, he fell back upon the haunches of his friend, Dapple, who, sheltered in the embrasure at the foot of the earth, instantly checked his flight, and, catching his balance, came to a halt. A cry, a couple of brigands leaped, at the same moment, from the rocks above into the road, and caught the body of the rider as it was in the act of falling beneath the animal's haunches.

And this is the cheered, doubtless was the difference between the fortunate Pequillo and the unlucky minister; that the latter had left behind him a trust in the fair patron, St. Calabarbe, and got off in safety; while the latter, trusting only to the walls, who was not as fast as a bullet, was quickly brought to a realizing sense of his error; for the ball of the general's land put an end to all his aspirations, closed his account with earth, and sent him to keep company with the thousand souls who, like himself, had each bade good night to life's fevered alms, without the benefit of clergy.

How fared it with him [illegible] demanded the chief, coolly blowing the smoke from his fusil.

"Dead!" was the reply.

The widow shuddered.

"Then search him, and toss the body to the vultures," said the chief. "As for you, young sir," he added, leaping lightly down from the rock, and grasping the bridle of Peter, "I have but two words: We have, as you see, an expeditious way of disposing of enemies, and if you are not mistaken, and therefore, as you value the patriotism of your heart, surrender!"

The widow did so; and the robber chief instantly took her place in the saddle.

"Now, for the district in dainty piece of homefresh!" continued the chief, patting the animal gently on the neck, "and we'll show them how the weight is silver. But you are pale, senor! Fie upon your manhood! If your lady fair could see you now, she would declare you are entrusted herself to your keeping. What, trembling, too?"

"With indignation!" answered the widow, feeling it necessary to say something.

The brigand laughed.

"Soh! indignation!" he exclaimed. "But no matter. We'll have some sport with you, unless your purse be deeper than your courage. So, my fat knight!" he continued, turning to Sancho, for it was he, "if you shake that on a hot day like this, what will you do when the cold airs of winter assail? Down, boy, and give your white-faced master a place; for we have a ride before us, and it is not seemly that so delicate a boy as his should be subjected to the rude storms of our mountains, which have no respect for the delicate ruddings of the city. Down, I say, and mount the beast of the late courier, who is now, I doubt not, eating an ave with great energy in purgatory."

Sancho, without saying a word, did as he was bid, and the widow also; and the robber chief, turning off from the road, took his way in single file up a narrow path to an extensive plateau, which commanded a view for many miles around, and from which the party could behold the lucky cavalcade speeding uninterruptedly on the way to Madrid.

The widow silently rejoiced at his escape, and that he was neither an arresting at the ought to would remember his late fearfulness compassion, and generously bid him farewell.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE TWILIGHT IN THE HEART.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

A long, bright day with deep blue skies,
And waving winds that sighed to part,
And sweet song birds and all were glad;
Here fell a twilight in the heart.

Deep and more deep the shadows fell,
And sad still sadder sighs the breeze,
And mournful birds took up the strain
From gloomy groves of cypress trees.

I think upon the morning now
Twas bright—and ornamented too;
He flowers all faded on my love
He vases an hour had drank their dew.
The noon was but a repetition—thus, we guessed;
The evening softly wandered by;
Art such a mockery of the day
He golden glory from the sky?

Then came the night—a starless one in the heart—
Alas, how sad is twilight then!
From fairy palaces of fortune-land,
And love-nigh twinkles on the air!
Oh, twilight of the heart!
The world with hate and suffering fills;
And while the dew comes down in tears
We mourn and sigh for restless night.

For night—a dim and mystic night
That brings its mournful mind no dreams—
Where hopes of love and hate
Of night—of fame—of memory glower;
For all is twilight in the heart
When spirit-wings are folded there.
In clouds that show no glimmering spark—
For night, for night, for night—no day!

BILKINS JOINS A CLUB.

BY STEPHENS COBB, JR.

Marmaduke Bilkins was a shoemaker, and he fancied he did quite a business. At all events, he had four hundred dollars laid up at home—four hundred hard silver dollars. And Marmaduke had been quite a number of years in accumulating that sum. He was now forty-seven years old, and had been married thirteen years. He had four children to support—so he did it well.

If Marmaduke had a fault it was his desire to be thought "smart." He had suffered himself to be made a candidate for one of the common offices of poor; and though he got defeated, Bumpkins going in by three hundred majority, yet the poor honour gave him a new importance in his own eyes. Besides which, Bilkins had always enjoyed at the tavern, to which his constituents—the leading ones—were invited. The wine was good—an article, by the way, which Bilkins hadn't used for years—and Marmaduke was voted, unanimously, to be a capital fellow. Toasts were drunk—toasts about "Wine and Women," and about "Live and Let Live," and about all sorts of things. In short it was a jolly time.

When Marmaduke went home he seconded to his chamber singing a capital song in the chorus which ran—

"We went go home all morning—
Yis my lads, quite morning!"

He forgot several things on that occasion. He forgot to wind up his watch; he forgot to take off his cravat and clothes; he forgot to take off his stockings, and didn't blow the light out. He also intended to tell his wife all about the glorious songs and toasts, but on the following morning he also couldn't remember anything about them, save that he had drunk some in his efforts to give them due applause.

Prudence Bilkins shook her head, but said nothing. She saw that her husband wasn't used to enough without any help from her.

But that night's entertainment introduced Marmaduke into new company for him. The village had changed rapidly during the few years in which a railroad had brought it close to the city, and city fashions had been introduced. A billiard-hall had been opened, and a bowling-alley. Both took a run. But until the night of the oyster supper Marmaduke had known none of the gaudy-plumed actors save by sight, though he had often wished that he could become one of them. Then there were Blobson, and Jenkins, and Fundy. How nicely they dressed, and how genteel they were. What aristocratic airs they wore, and how carefully they lounged about the piazza of the large, new hotel. And then how the ladies that came up from town to the city in the summer seemed to admire them. Marmaduke longed to be one.

And Marmaduke knew them. They were at his oyster supper, and swore to support him for office. They were the men who made speeches at the table, and gave the finest toasts, and sang the best songs.

Marmaduke was happy when Blobson and Jenkins bowed to him in the street, and Fundy shook hands with him and asked him how he did. But the cup wasn't half full yet, though Marmaduke thought it was. On the very next day Jenkins himself—good, kind, affable Jenkins—actually came into Marmaduke's shop—came thirty into the humble shop—and ordered Marmaduke to make him ten dollars! What joy! Never before had Marmaduke received such a commission from the aristocracy! Only to think that *Jenkins*—the courted, the admired, the *gentleman* Jenkins, should seek the friendship of Marmaduke Bilkins!

Marmaduke went that very night and ordered a new suit of clothes. He intended to be genteel—at—the coat must be blue, with bright buttons; and the pantaloons must be striped, and the vest white.

By and by Blobson, Jenkins, and Fundy, with a few more of their stripe, laid out the plans for a Hockey Club. They selected a spot of land for a race-course, and were going into it extensively. Among the first who joined was Marmaduke Bilkins.

"We want public spirited men to uphold our country's honour," said Blobson. "Men who are not afraid of exercise. We have called upon you first, because we want the influence of your name."

Marmaduke put his name down for twenty dollars towards purchasing the ground and preparing it; and he was very proud and very happy. His sporting friends had talked it all into him until he really believed he was going to do his country a service.

"Prudence," said our hero, coming out from their little sitting-room into the kitchen, "where is the key of that drawer?"

"What drawer?" asked the wife, looking up from her work. She was making a coat for one of the sailors in the place.

"Why—the key to the little bureau drawer."

"What do you want of it, Prudence—"

"Never mind—I want it."

Marmaduke Bilkins blushed. Something had struck her. Never—never before—had her husband made such an answer. For some time she had noticed that his mind was very much occupied with something besides his ordinary business.

"Will you tell me what you want of that key?" she said, in a tone which had never yet failed to call forth a prompt answer.

Finally he sat down and told his wife the story, and explained the objects he had in view. She looked upon him in blank wonder while he was speaking, but by the time he had concluded she fully understood him. She knew her husband's every nature; and she also knew what a large share of love of approbation he had. He was essentially unable to shine in any intellectual sphere, and he had now found a field in which he fancied he could "cut a dash himself." She had seen the fashionable loungers of whom Marmaduke had spoken, and she knew that they were but idlers; and she knew, too, that they were just the men to wield a great influence in such a club.

"I'm buy a horse!" she uttered, after pondering a few moments. "Why, Mann Bilkins——"

"Look here: Don't you call me *Mann* Bilkins. I don't like it."

"But, my dear Marmaduke—you'll let me speak, I know"

"Why—in course you may speak; but I won't be called *Mann*."

"But about a horse, my dear;—and this money you must pay for the land—and all the other expenses."

"What *other* expenses, I'd like to know?"

"Your time is worth something, Mann—alike; and then, you know there must be other outlays. But set that all aside. There's twenty dollars—and it'll need a fit to fly before you get through—and your horse will be over a hundred, of course."

"I mean to get a good one."

"Of course you will, and now just look at it. For—Marmaduke Bilkins—with a family—struggling to keep up appearances—you're a leader of your own—a respectable citizen—and now honored by your friends—I'll never grieve to join a jockey club! Why—you must be crazy."

"But I ain't crazy, Mrs. Bilkins. I mean to have my way. I will, you know! What's the good for if you can't enjoy yourself? What was our money made for, if not to have a little fun? And to be happy? I've slaved and dug about long enough. I'll have some fun for the enjoyment of life now. I want you to understand that."

Prudence did not reply. She saw that somebody had been telling her husband some foolish lies, and she knew him well enough to know that any opposition at that moment would only make him more headstrong. He would not have Blobson and Jenkins suppose that his wife governed him for anything.

Marmaduke Bilkins was one of those men who look forward for one of the seasons in the year as a rod of iron. There are many such in the world. He is by three hundred a jockey, and the poor become almost imbecile; and under the influence of a timid, retiring woman they remain generous themselves; but beneath the influence of such a woman as Prudence Bilkins was, they become just what Marmaduke was—strictly economical, while loving husband without knowing it. Prudence, probably, to be a capital fellow. Toasts were drunk—toasts about "Wine and Women," and about "Live and Let Live," and about all sorts of things. In short it was a jolly time.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NELLIE GREY.

BY WILLIE B. PABOR.

Will you tell me, if I ask you,
Is your heart mine, Nellie Grey?
Is my name locked with your name,
In your dreams by night and day?
Are your heart, and pulse responsive,
Nellie Grey, Nellie Grey?

Is my blessing, my constant fervent
Caressful request, Nellie Grey;
Like an eagle's flight,
Or my looking heart to day—
And I cannot count it over,
Nellie Grey, Nellie Grey?

No! I cannot keep the secret,
Nellie Grey, Nellie Grey,
With my heart, and eyes beaming,
Half-open, bread out, from deep—
And my pure will by my looking,
Nellie Grey, Nellie Grey?

Yes! my life will be a beaming
To your own life, Nellie Grey;
And my love shall gather gems
From the heights whereon they lie—
And my home be filled with sunshine,
Nellie Grey, Nellie Grey?

Will you then, return me answer
To my question, Nellie Grey?
Give you hold my heart and answer,
Can them not as shall away,
And my life—I say my question—
Nellie Grey, Nellie Grey?

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 26.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DONALD.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

While we were standing in vain for adventure about Lake Caddo we came upon Uncle Abner for their evenings' amusement. They had been spent in a fruitless search for valuable game, and after supper we gathered about our host, and demanded a continuation of his narrative.

"Come—you left us right in an interesting place of your experience," said Ben. "You had shot a lion; and you had begged of the Indiands to let you alone. Now go on for the rest."

"Well," said the old man, "if I am going to tell you all my adventures I must take them in turn. So keep quiet and I'll tell you of my early years. After we'd taken that lion I had an adventure of the hardest kind—as narrow an escape as ever was experienced by mortal man.

"It was the last time in the day that the lion was brought in, and I concluded to remain until the following morning. But when the morning came I found the native villagers were very far from pleasant. One of the finest horses in the place had been killed during the night, and his carcass dragged over a mile from the village, where it had been half eaten, and then left to rot among the bushes. I could not resist the temptation, so I concluded to go out with them.

"The breakfast I took was scrus and unsavoury, and joined the villagers. We pursued a different course from the one we had taken the day before, the body of the horse having been dragged off to some the southward; while we had found the lion already slain to the north. About half a mile from the village we entered a narrow defile between two mountains, through which ran a small stream of water, and which was very fertile, all kind of trees and shrubbery growing in wild profusion. This defile led us to a mass of rocks which we were obliged to climb over, the stream making its way somewhere beneath them.

"The Nubians went over like so many mountain goats, but I had more difficulty. In the way was rough and hard, the traveler being obliged to jog from crag to crag, and keep a sharp look out for projects of landing in a chasm forty or fifty feet deep. But I got over, and upon the other side we found the open stream again.

"We were now in one of the most romantic spots I ever saw. It was a ravine, like the one we had left, only wider, with tall grass growing upon the banks of the stream. It looked wonderfully cool, and shady, starting in even now; flowers in still luxuriance; and, upon climbing the ascent on the opposite wall of rock. We had followed this a short distance when I was sure that I saw a lion-like among some thickets by the bank of the stream, some sixty to a hundred rods ahead. The dogs commenced to bark, and in an instant more a flock of gazelles started up from the stream and made for the mountain. They were beautiful creatures, and the moment I saw them I was determined to have one if possible.

"I had started in pursuit when the old chief called me back. Through Abdac he told me it would be of no use to pursue the gazelles, as *he* could not overtake them. But I had great confidence in my good steed, and my own speed might be useless things among the mountains, but I felt sure that I could get a shot. All I wished I was determined to try, and so I told them. Abdac said that if I were not particular about his going I had better go alone, for the moment they saw me in pursuit the more shy the creatures would be. I told him I had rather go alone, as he wearied, for you've got a wife path," cried my guide. I told him to leave me to take my account, and then started.

"I had seen where the gazelles disappeared, and when I reached the spot I found I could catch between two huge rocks, and the path was well trodden, showing that the animals frequently made their passage here to the water. I posted on, and soon came to a rocky ascent, by which I made my way as quickly as possible. I had reached about one-half of the first distinct eminence, and here I stopped to take a view of the country, for I did not wish to get lost. I could see the stream in the wide beneath, but the principal part of it was in the gallons. I saw that the stream entered the ravine only a short distance above me, and appeared to come out from the foot of the mountain beyond me. I saw that the water was white with foam where it left the rocks, and of course I supposed it must form a cataract at no great distance.

"Having taken a survey of the spot, I judged that the gazelles had gone to the southward, and I took my steps that way, descending first a slight incline, and then climbing up an eminence much higher than the one I had left. Then had I gone some little distance, when I saw the animals about forty rods in advance of me. They were upon a rocky rock, and the moment they saw me they started; but I had my rifle at my shoulder in an instant, and as I fired I saw one of the gazelles fall. He struggled to his feet once or two more—then rolled, and fell again.

"With a glad shout I started forward. The animal was still struggling, and I feared he might make off, so, from his motions, I judged that I had broken both his hind legs. On I went, over rock and crag, thinking of nothing but gaining my prize. When within a few yards of the gazelle I saw an open space just ahead. It seemed to be not over six feet wide, and, I supposed, only a few

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Orion.—If you are determined to die in case "the other thing" don't, we see no objection in such a resolution; but we only do it in a natural and legitimate way. Do not let us have any hasten or poison, however—no razors, knives, or strychnine. Such things are highly improper implements with which to open the gates of death. Seriously, however, are you not ashamed to go on in such a rash, absurd state of mind-ashamed to die for such a reason? Is it the society of the world's inhabitants is such that life is not worth living, and yet you are going to die for her. For shame! If she never was intentionally, it would be a sufficient reason for you to die for her, to say, such an act of cowardice should be committed. Is it not a sad commentary upon the degeneracy of the times, and the meanness of the marriage of a girl who does not care a button for him, and he's a gentlemanly fellow.

C. L.—It is difficult to ascertain from the numbers of some girls who they love and who they love not. When they love it is most, they are often the last to know it. Instead of the conscious emotion of being read, and so far from either, being your sentiment, you are ashamed of it. You should at once cease to think of him. Your pride should shove and sympathize with you. You should at once cease to think of him. Your pride should shove and sympathize with you. You should at once cease to think of him. Your pride should shove and sympathize with you